THE

Carmel Cottager

Dedicated to the interests of Carmel home-owner and the welfare of business men and women of the village.

Vol. I, No. 1. CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1934 5 Cents

Sewer Bonds Are Defeated

On Monday last, the proposed bond issue of $83,700 for the purpose of building Carmel a new sewage system was defeated in one of the heaviest sanitary district elections ever held in Carmel. The offiicial count was 350 against the issue, 184 for it. A two-thirds majority was necessary to pass the measure.

Up to the very day of the voting Carmelites were flooded with circulars both for and against the bonds, and a deal of mystery seemed to shroud the issue.

Why Carmel voted this way, refusing to be scared into appropriating so much money, is most ably presented in an editorial by Mr. Allen Griffin. It is decidedly worth quoting. It runs, in part:

There were a number of reasons why this bond issue was defeated.

The history of "improvements" in Carmel's sanitation has been a discouraging one. The sewer installation itself has been a sore spot with many residents who were naturally disappointed when they paid their assessments and found they could not make a connection. The present sanitary plant did not live up to its pretentions either. The background was bad and it required a very great public confidence in the present sanitary board and its judgment, to bond the viliage for the large sum of $83,700 for a new plant.

That confidence was obviously lacking. There is no good in going into details as to WHY it was lacking. The vote showed that the public did not accept what the board offered as a solution.

* * *

Not a minor factor in the public's destruction of the sanitary board's fond hopes was the fact that it resented what appeared to be an effort to stampede votes in the direction of the bonds.

The arguments endeavoring to coerce the voters were extreme to the point of hysteria.

It was represented that Carmel would be shamed before the State if it failed to pass the bonds. That was ridiculous.

It was represented that Carmel was facing a terrific "health menace," that the spectre of pollution was waving its grisly arms over a village that is one of the most healthful in the world. That was absurd.

It was even represented that the heavy hand of the State of California would crack and smack down upon Carmel if the prima donnas of the State health board did not like the way the citizens of Carmel chose to vote. That was addle-pated.

* * *

Two-thirds of the voters of Carmel choose to call the bluff of hysterical warnings and threats. People who aren't guinea pigs call a bluff when their intelligence is affronted. And there is something native in the American citizen, that resents unreasonble threats.

The voters said to the pleading, threatening, harassing, and worrifying insistents: "Gentlemen you take life too seriously."

HONEYMOON COTTAGE AT HIGHLANDS INN

ITEMS NO OTHER PAPERS DARE PRINT

No. 1

Consumers' Research, the only organization working unselfishly for the men and women who pay the bills, gives the Ford V-8 an AA rating in the low price field. This is the highest mark. Plymouth, Chevrolet and Essex Terraplane were tested exhaustively, and the palm awarded to Ford by reason of its sturdy front end, its longer wheelbase, its greater horsepower, its quietude of operation, and perhaps most important of all: *its greater resale or trade-in value on the second-hand market.*

Unusually early spring weather has brought hundreds flocking to the local beach to bathe in the surf. The editor of "*The Cottager*" feels that no amount of warning is too great for those who are tempted to swim in the surf this early in the year. The large holes cut in the beach by heavy winter seas have not had time to fill up and consequently cause treacherous rip tides which sweep out to sea. If you do swim in the surf, use the utmost caution; stay away from large holes, and do not go too far out.

New Life For Velie Clinic

"A non-profit Community Hospital has been the dream of many people on Monterey Peninsula for years," said Mrs. Henry D. Phelps, yesterday. "The health of any community is of paramount importance and proper hospitalization facilities is one of the important factors in keeping up our health standards. I am deeply interested in the opportunity now afforded us, of preserving the wonderful plant of the Grace Deere Velie Clinic and utilizing it for general hospital purposes under the rules of modern medicine and surgery."

"Free of indebtedness, the present Clinic Board of Trustees is ready and willing to turn the institution over to us, provided we can demonstrate that we will be faithful to the trust. After a survey we find that the necessary improvements to the present building in order to provide a surgery, delivery room and equipment, including a modern ambulance, can be accomplished for approximately $13,000. In addition to that it seems advisable to provide a maintenance fund of from $10,000 to $12,000 in order that the institution can be protected in its operation for a two-year period, when it should be self-sustaining."

"There would be formed a local Board of Trustees of citizens responsible for the operation of the institution which would direct the distribution of the funds secured through pledges to the hospital. Under the plan there would be no debt against the building and there never can be under the terms of the will of Mrs. Velie."

"We need those who will give service as well as those who can subscribe through donations."

What Carmel Needs

By John Catlin
Mayor of Carmel

The people of Carmel are such thorough individualists and hold such diversified opinions on every subject of popular interest that I assume the proposals suggested here will meet with prompt and hostile opposition.

Yet each should stimulate much thought and discussion.

The Editor of THE CARMEL COTTAGER having asked me to set down what I thought Carmel needed most prompted me to ask the men and women I met on the street their opinion as to what Carmel should acquire in the not too distant future which would be within reach of its purse, the benefits of which would be general and not special.

True to form, the answers to my oral questionnaire were as varied as the flowers that bloom in the spring. Playgrounds for children (from the women), a swimming pool, hand-ball and tennis courts (from the men); a municipally-owned theatre — outdoor from some, indoor from others; a municipally-aided art gallery, a city hall, uniforms for our diminutive police force, life-saving apparatus on the beach, cleaner streets, an esplanade and seats on the sand dunes and many, many other things.

Upon turning these numerous suggestions over in my mind I decided to be frank with THE COTTAGER and tell what I think Carmel needs most and what it can have with little or no cost.

First, I will say that our little city (village, if you will) needs much less of the strident and unnecessary noises that it is compelled to put up with. In my opinion we could get along with about five per cent of the awful din that constantly assails our ears—horn-honking, for instance, to call some sleeping cottager to his door and incidentally to arouse an outraged and disgusted neighborhood; or loud and raucous "good nights" from the middle of the street after some otherwise quiet gathering in a home in the woods; or clashing and clanking milk wagons in the small hours, when sleep is sweetest; or shouting, dog barking, caterwauling and many other disturbing annoyances that a little consideration could avoid without the necessity of a stroll with Gus and an embarrassing if not a costly interview with Judge Wood.

Second, Carmel is known over the world by its nickname "Carmel," whereas its true name is a much-hyphenated, multiverbal compound, "Carmel-by-the-Sea." As a matter of fact we have two names, the aforesaid compound and the one our great country, through its Post Office Department, gave us when it balked at our legal moniker and called us plain, simple and dignified Carmel. Indeed Carmel travels under an alias not a little confusing to some of our visitors, who think that the "by-the-Sea" part of the name, if they ever hear it, refers to some other place

The name as it is was a good name, with many advertising advantages, when Carmel-by-the-Sea, a real estate subdivision, was born. We, now a full grown, tho small city, with artistic and cultural traditions and aspirations carry it along with us as excess baggage because it came to us as a legacy from our rich old uncle the subdividing corporation.

All of us use the single, dignified word that ties us up to the history and romance of our lovely land Our mission, sleeping the ages away, is known across the plane as Carmel Mission; our little river is the Carmel River, our valley the Carmel Valley—even our newspapers, which before the advent of THE COTTAGER were the only local means of carrying our name and fame to other lands, are *The Carmel Sun* and *The Carmel Pine Cone.*

Our almost forgotten name reminds me of Mayor Rossi's plug hat—it is only taken from the closet and slicked up for official occasions.

Can there be any doubt that Carmel is actually by the sea, by whatever name we may call it? As most everybody of any importance in the world comes to us at some time or other, can they not see with their own eyes that our little city is on the shore of Balboa's ocean? Aye, and they could even hear the pounding surf upon the beach if it were not for the pandemonium I kicked about a paragraph or two back.

We can change the name back to the dignified, simple word from Scripture, the name given to the spot upon which the city stands in honor of the chaplain of Vizcaino, a priest of the Carmelite Order, just one-third of a millenium in the past.

(EDITOR'S NOTE — Discussion of "What Carmel Needs" will be welcomed by THE CARMEL COTTAGER. What do YOU think our town needs? Send in your views.)

—Keep Carmel Money at Home—

Carnival Today!

Today is carnival day at the Sunset school!

At 2:00 o'clock this afternoon there will be a parade of decorated bicycles, wagons and doll buggies followed by a costume parade of the different periods. After the parade there will be such concessions and sideshows as dancing specialities, freaks, movies, fortune telling, Hill Billies, hot dog stand and others. The only charge is a small one to see these different shows.

The money taken in will go to the P. T. A., which they will use in their social welfare work.

The carnival will close with a huge bonfire at 5:00 o'oclock.

Woman is a miracle of divine contradictions. —Michelet.

CURTIS CANDY STORE

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Telephone Carmel 46 TO-DAY for This Service

ROBERT G. LEIDIG, Manager
International Fire Prevention Service

JUST KIDDING

The Semi-Serious Musings of "S. A. R."

LET US roast Sinclair Lewis. He's ripe for it—like one of those puff-balls we step on in a stubblefield after a rain—and we think he highly deserves a mild panning. Some of the old Carmel melites remember well the gangly youth who lived in a Carmel shack and wrote prodigiously if unsuccessfully. His most precious belongings in those days were hundreds of plots and fragments of stories jotted down on scraps of paper and filed away in a battered suitcase or trunk. Always was there a big bad wolf in front of the Lewis shack, and so moved was Jack London, hitting his stride, that he purchased some of these plots. Whether he really needed them, whether he was actuated by pure benevolence, is a moot question, of which more anon. Liberty magazine recently gave one version.

AS CARMEL knows, "Red" Lewis faded from the scene, and after experiences as janitor at Upton Sinclair's Halcyon colony in New Jersey and in chaperoning cattle across the Atlantic, became associate editor of *Adventure*. There we met him and grew to like him. Irrepressible, untidy, with a sense of humor equalled only by his gift of gab, we saw a deal of each other in those days. We organized the Adventurers' Club, and Red's Greenwich Village address was used in connection with appeals sent out to various gun-runners and soldiers of fortune. A monthly dinner was featured, and we scarcely recollect a dinner unattended by the Nobel Prize winner, or an occasion when he wasn't the life of the party.

EARLY in our acquaintanceship he began to peddle his plots to us on a sixty-forty base—he getting forty percent of the spoils in return for a hundred words or so scribbled on a half-sheet of paper. "I've sold the biggest writers in America," was his plea to us when we bucked at doing most of the work and forking over such a substantial share of the proceeds. "Look where I put Jack London," Red argued. "I sold him the plot for 'The Abysmal Brute.' You stick with me and we'll make the Saturday Post." Red made *The Saturday Evening Post* with his "Free Air," took unto himself a wife, bought a flivver and motored across continent to revisit Carmel. Here he was remembered by many of the pioneers—and also by the officials at Del Monte Lodge.

TIME passed, and with the fullness of it Red Lewis became a rich and justly celebrated fellow. Again he visited the Monterey Peninsula, but called only at the palaces of the wel-to-do. He had two old pals here of Adventure Club days, and knew that Robert Welles Ritchie and the writer both had cottages here in Carmel. He had written us from London in answer to a business inquiry. But not so much as a jingle or a "Pip Pip" did he give his cronies of the early days. His sacred person was well concealed behind the hedges and ornamental ironwork barriers of the magnificos at Pebble Beach and elsewhere. They loved their social lions, and kept the red-maned Lew s safely caged.

CAME the Nobel Prize, and in another year Red was back at Del Monte. We were curious as to how the yeast of fame had budded within him. Had it swelled him out of all proportion? So we called; were received by a secretary in a suite at Del Monte. "Are you so damned important?" we asked, "that you can't drop around to see either Bob Ritchie or your old pal Steve?" He was stung. He denied it. And so just before his departure he dropped in at our little open fire and shelves of books. And next day he bought Bob Ritchie a luncheon. He spent fifteen valuable minutes with us, attended by a chauffeur and a secretary. "How about this Jack London stuff?" we asked before he tore himself away. "Did you really sell him valuable plots? Or was he merely being kind to you?" "Better not mention it," he answered, "for after all, Jack is very very dead."

BUT we don't think Jack cares a hoot, dead or alive. He was that sort of man, boyish and self unimportant to the last. And now let it be published for the first time, (New York papers please copy.) On the occasion of Red's first return to Carmel, our one-time friend announced a dinner at Del Monte Lodge. Several luminaries in various fields were invited. Appetizing odors came floating to the nostrils of the waiting guests. But there was a delay. It seems the Lewis credit was not so very very good. The money would have to be paid in advance. A dismayed Red sought vainly to have a manager forget for the time being certain old scores connected with the impoverished days. The embarrassing facts came to the ears of the famished gentlemen, whereupon one of them spoke up. "Let the dinner be served," he directed. "I'll pay for it personally."

AND so it was that Harry Leon Wilson, gray-eyed sport and sage of Carmel Highlands, saved our Nobel Prize winner from what was probably his most embarrassing moment. Hurry back, Red! For even though fame-soaked and swollen, you're as brilliant and ugly as ever.

Woman's tongue is her sword, which she never lets rest.
—Mme. Necker.

A prude exhibits her virtue in word and manner; a virtuous woman shows hers in her conduct.

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CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

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PAGE ALLEN GRIFFIN!

In a lengthy editorial in a recent issue of his Monterey daily, our local Brisbane deplores the "Chinese Wall" policy of the about-to-be-born COTTAGER. We have the utmost respect for the writings of Allen Griffin. As a rule, in our opinion, he hits the nail squarely on the head. And he hits it hard! Clarity and a fine sense of word values have marked the editorials of this gifted writer. But he wouldn't be a word merchant unless he knew well how to twist phrases and facts to suit *Peninsula Herald* policies.

In the editorial in question Mr. Griffin points with pride to the support given Carmel musical and dramatic enterprises by Monterey and Pacific Grove. Would we like to shut them out? he asks.

Let it be emphasized that most of the music and drama given in Carmel is strictly on a non-commercial base. They are cultured enterprises wherein we are glad to have our neighbors' appreciation and support. Far different is the proposition of enticing Carmel money across the divide, to be lost for all time in the cut-rate drug stores and chain establishments able to quote low prices because of starvation wages and cut-throat operations slowly but surely sapping the financial blood of Monterey.

THE COTTAGER is not narrow. It has no "Chinese Wall" policy. If a Carmelite is "abroad" and thirsty, far be it from us to deny him the privilege of dropping in at Hermann's for a glass of beer; or into the Poppy Shop for an ice-cream soda. If a special frock catches milady's eye at Holman's, bless her! Let her have it. Or for the man, let him have a necktie at Eddie Burns. On the other hand we expect our neighbors, when in town, to quench their thirsts at Whitney's and Curtis' Candy Store. And may they drop in on Conrad Imelman for tie or gloves.

These interchanges are trifles—of picayune import. What we of THE COTTAGER object to is the bulk of the money going daily across the divide, to the detriment of Carmel business folk with honest prices and livings at stake.

An orchid to you, Allen Griffin! With the exceptions of S. F. B. Morse and Lincoln Steffens, no Peninsularite is more capable of writing with tongue in cheek than are you.

FEATURE BULLETINS OF VALUE

In these days of high-pressure advertising campaigns, inferior products are being foisted upon a gullible public. Reliance may be placed in neither newspaper nor radio announcements. Few newspapers—perhaps none save THE COTTAGER—dare tell you that the cleansing ingredient in our most widely advertised tooth-paste was found to be ground glass; that a certain brand of chicken soup contains a lesser water content than competing brands; that certain toilet creams and cosmetics are absolutely harmful and ineffective; that one vacuum cleaner is far superior to its six rivals; that Montgomery Ward's Tru-Cold electric refrigerator stands just about at the foot of the list of machines exhaustively tested by qualified technicians. The truth may be expected from neither manufacturer nor jobber, from radio broadcast nor newspaper column. The buying public, bewildered by the extravagant claims of rival manufacturers and salesmen, turns hither and yon like babes in the wood.

Consumers' Research, Inc., has stepped bravely into this wood and laid about them with a sharp axe. Their address is Washington, New Jersey. Their service is $2.00 per year. They tell the truth about almost every article you wear or eat or drive or rub on your hair. They tell you all about paints and varnishes and building equipment; about electric toasters and bulbs; flour and breakfast foods; fresh versus canned vegetables.

It is the purpose of THE COTTAGER to cooperate with this valuable agency, giving from week to week certain important bulletins of interest to cottagers and business folk of Carmel. Never. knowingly, will the publishers of THE COTTAGER accept an advertisement for an inferior article, one "Not Recommended" by Consumers' Research.

That's a promise!

TELEPHONE TOLLS

In the matter of abolishing the telephone toll of five cents from Carmel "over the hill," the public would seem to be divided. Brother Bunch of *Carmel Sun* seems to be of the opinion that such an abolishment would work injustice to the business people of Carmel, inasmuch as it would facilitate the telephoning of orders to establishments across the divide. As most of Monterey's competing concerns are "cash and carry" establishments, the writer cannot off-hand support the Bunch contention. It would appear, however, that such freedom of the wires would lead to increased activities in the out-of-town live poultry markets and wood yards advertised so extensively in Carmel Sun.

It is understood that such a wiping out of the toll charge would result in increased monthly rentals—that the Railroad Commission would most certainly approve such a raise. This is debatable. Who is qualified to speak on the subject? And who will take the trouble to advise THE COTTAGER?

We are by no means "on the fence," but we like to be sure of our ground. As it stands now, Carmelites who call Monterey, *pay for it*. Should the toll be abolished and the monthly rate raised, *all* subscribers would be penalized in the interests of those craving to chin over the hill.

In the absence of expert advice on the subject, it would appear to the writer that an increase in monthly rates in Monterey, Pacific Grove and Carmel, would be followed by many cancellations by subscribers now finding it difficult to meet their monthly bills.

This is interesting to the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company. As far as THE COTTAGER is concerned, we are interested only in learning how the change may affect Carmel.

—S. A. R.

A LITTLE BUNDLE OF BOOKS

THE ROBBER BARONS. By Matthew Josephson. *Harcourt, Brace & Co.. $3.*

Of particular interest to Californians because of the chapters on the sack of the state by the railroad barons, Collis Huntington, Leland Stanford *et al*. New light is thrown on the building of the West. An excellent piece of work, easily the pick of non-fiction so far this spring.

Turning from books to periodicals I have just gone through the last three numbers of "The Windsor Quarterly," edited and published by Frederick B. Maxham at Hartland Four Corners, Vermont. Here is a model for Carmel to emulate; a literary magazine of this high quality would be a credit to any community. Included is not only work fo such recognized authors as Edward J. O'Brien and Evelyn Scott but (and of greater importance in the development of American literature) the younger writers who are given an opportunity to make their first bow in print. The contents show discriminating selection upon the part of the editor and format, typography and arrangement are excellent. The most distinctive of the "little magazines"

Talk of The Town

By MYRTA MARLOW

John Patrick, known to thousands of radio fans as Cecil of "Cecil and Sally," has taken a house in Carmel while recovering from a nervous breakdown suffered while finishing a strenuous vaudeville tour. He plans to remain here for at least one year.

* * *

Connie Schumann, here from the south for a short visit with her mother, reports that Galt Bell and Preston Shobe have signed a contract with Paramount for the use of "The Drunkard," in W. C. Field's next picture, "Grease Paint." Galt Bell will cooperate with William Le Baron in the direction. Shooting will start around the first of April and last for approximately one week.

* * *

Carmelites may soon have a chance to see "The Drunkard" with a local cast, if the present plans of the Denny-Watrous gallery are carried out. "The Drunkard," now finishing its 38th successful week at the Theatre Mart in Los Angeles, was first presented in Carmel at the Denny-Watrous gallery two years ago and was a remarkable success.

* * *

Miss Betty Hyde left last Wednesday for Sajuaro Lake Ranch, Mesa, Arizona, where she will join, for two weeks, her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hyde.

* * *

Sade Latham has been the house guest of Miss Sybil Leonard for the past week.

* * *

A running pie fight took place on Ocean avenue last Saturday morning when Miss Betty Dresser of S. F. threw a luscious cocoanut pie into the unsmiling face of Miss Jane Henley, also of S. F. The chase started in front of Whitney's and ended in front of the Carmel Theatre. (They're still friends).

* * *

There's a million waiting for the man who invents bedroom windows that don't creak.

Milton Latham of the Carmeleta Inn returned to Carmel Wednesday after a prolonged visit with some relatives in Hollywod

* * *

Mr. Wiott Rankin, Jr., the blond heart-breaker and auto wash mentor, sold his business and left Wednesday for Arizona, where he will work on a dude ranch.

* * *

Ranny Cockburn and Windsor Josselyn have returned to Carmel after a flying trip to Los Angeles to pick up Mrs. Cockburn, who was visiting relatives.

Steeplechase and Race Meet At Del Monte

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His Name in the Paper

A SHORT, SHORT STORY

By JOHN OVERSTREET

GRANDFATHER QUISENBURY was my boyhood hero; juvenile fancy endowed him with the wisdom of Solomon, the strength of Jove. He had been an officer in the Confederate Army. I was firmly convinced that had his leadership been followed the South's cause would have been won. Even his enemies could point to but two weaknesses in his make-up—if weaknesses they could be called; one was a liking for mellow Bourbon whiskey, the other a fondness for seeing his name in print.

He spent much time and effort trying to break into the newspapers, writing letters to editors, taking part in civic activities, sending in unsolicited articles on burning questions of the day. Yet it seemed that fate and publishers conspired to prevent gratification of this harmless foible.

Shortly after coming to live with him I was awakened one morning by a great uproar downstairs. Descending fearfully, I saw the old gentleman striding about the living room, clutching a copy of the *Morning Register* in one pudgy hand, making the crossed sabers above the mantel rattle with his denunciations of newspaper men in general and of the local editor in particular. Grandfather had written a vitriolic letter to the paper, criticising the management of our Soldiers' Home. Emasculated, stripped of all its scathing phrases, the communication appeared in the "Vox Popularis" column, signed "Old Reader."

Later attempts to crash the *Register's* pages were equally unsuccessful. There was, for instance, the Confederate Veterans' parade. Grandfather led it, mounted on a fat white charger—a feat that cost him weeks of suffering from galled legs. Some time before the local paper went to press the *Titanic* sank in North Atlantic waters. The front page spread on the parade was ripped out of the forms to make room for details of the sea tragedy—the Veterans were left out entirely.

Grandfather took the omission so much to heart that my brother and I resolved to do something about it; his next public appearance should be noticed even if we had to resort to intimidation or bribery. Opportunity came a few weeks later. Then grandfather celebrated his hundredth birthday; a gala occasion, with an *al fresco* dinner for two hundred. To insure publicity we arranged to have a reporter present. Him we plied with data and mint juleps, then shooed him to his office at the early hour of nine. Alas for our pains! Whether the Quisenbury juleps were too much for the newshawk or whether he fell into temptation after leaving us, we never knew; certain it is, he failed to reach the city room that night!

That blow broke our beloved ancestor's spirit. He no longer wrote to the papers; subsequent slights evoked no fiery outbursts, only the sad smile of a martyr. He was a man crucified, so deadened by sufferings on the cross as not to feel the blows that break his legs. His major interest in life gone, he did not long survive.

On the sad day of his passing my brother and I discussed preparations for the last rites.

"One thing we must do," he said. "We must see that he gets a good newspaper obituary."

Two hours were spent in preparation of an article; all his military honors must be included, mention of his standing as oldest resident made—one hundred years of activity in the state. We felt that if grandfather could read it in Valhalla he would be pleased. For although he had escaped flying Minie balls at Gettysburg had he not been slain in his lifelong battle with the rumbling presses of modern journalism? Surely the warrior's heaven would be his reward.

We took the notice to the City Editor of the *Register*, exacted a solemn promise that he would run it as written; that care would be taken to spell the full name, George Washington Quisenbury, correctly.

"At last," said my brother, as we walked homeward under the pale stars, "grandfather will have his day in print."

That night the newspaper office was gutted by fire, linotype machines and rotary presses ruined. A demoralized staff managed to turn out a small four-page edition on the job press. Eagerly we scanned the ink-smudged columns next morning for Grandfather Quisenbury's biography. Near the lower right hand corner of page two we found this item:

LOCAL: G. W. Quackenbush died last night. He was 10 years old.

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Gadding About

By ARLINE

I haven't been in Carmel long. I don't expect to stay around your gorgeous peninsula a great while. But it was a surprise to me the other day when I accompanied my hostess on a little shopping tour. I followed her into a grocery store kept by a man named Ewig. There she bought some Noilly Prat *dry* French Vermouth for cocktails. Mr Ewig explained that he also had on hand both the sweet and dry varieties of Martini Vermouth. But Muriel held out for the Noilly Prat, and added to the order some of the cutest little pitted olives I've ever seen packed in glass. The bottles had a wide mouth; the olives shake out easily; and I was indelicate enough to ask Mr. Ewig the price per bottle. His answer almost took away my breath—they were so cheap!

And then, singularly enough, Muriel stopped at the shelves stocked with Bar-le-Duc and pate-de-fo'e-gras and all sorts of goodies, and asked Mr. Ewig about caviar.

I kept my mouth shut. I thought I knew more about sturgeon's roe than Mr. Ewig or Muriel did. But I was surprised. Mr. Ewig knew all about caviar. He showed Muriel real Russian caviar of the Orloff and Romanoff brands, and told her all about the cheaper salted packs tinned in Germany.

I forgot to mention that "Muriel" isn't her real name.

The foregoing caviar item was written day before yesterday. Now I'm bursting to tell you about Madam Lucca's place on Carmel's Dolores Street. Muriel and I had just come in from the links. We were hungry, but not dressed to go anywhere in particular. "Let's slip into this little restaurant that advertises ravioli and spaghetti," Muriel suggested. I gave her the okay, and we slipped down past the postoffice.

Did we eat and eat? I'll say! I studied Voice in Milan. I know my pastes and raviolis; my Parmesan cheese and *frito misto*. But never have I eaten more appetizingly, or received more thoughtful service, than at Taverna di Lucca.

Jane's English Kitchenette, opposite Railway Express Office, has delicious home made orange, nut, date, prune and other breads. Give her your order for birthday or any special cake or pie. All foods home made and no baker's supplies are used. You will enjoy them.

A suggestion for yourafter-theatre supper: Broiled sardines on toast, with grated cheese sprinkled over them—a healthful, appetising dish. To insure best flavor and food value this department recommends Portola brand steam-grilled sardines, obtainable from your grocer in the economical 15-ounce can. This pack has been given the highest rating by Consumers' Research and the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods.

Chatter

Jimmy Regan, of the Carmel Cleaning Works, was recently elected Vice-Commander of American Legion Post 41, Monterey. He succeeds Harold Hoffman, who was forced to resign because of ill health.

The entertainment put on by the Carmel contingent of the Post on Washington's Birthday was to have been repeated for the delecation of Salinas legionnaires this week but has been postponed, as Vice-Commander Regan has been called to Los Angeles by the serious illness of his mother.

Thursday, March 22, will be "Drum Corps Night" at Post 41, the post drum corps furnishing the entertainment.

"Pop" Warner, former head coach at Stanford, and his assistant, "Chuck" Winterbottom, were in Carmel last Sunday. "Pop" leaves soon for the East, where he takes up his duties at Temple.

Herbert Cerwin, Director of Publicity for Del Monte Properties Co., was seen driving through town Wednesday in his new car.

Messrs. Joseph Rork and Russell Wright, repreeenting H. H. Buchanan & Co., Investment Securities house of San Jose, have taken a house in Carmel Woods and plan to be in Carmel for some time. A general brokerage and investment business is conducted by this firm which, a little later expects to establish a branch office in Carmel.

Herbert Cerwin, Director of Publicity for Hotel Del Monte was seen in town yesterday driving his new car.

Mrs. Henry P. Russel of the Carmel Valley was rushed to a San Francisco hospital late last Sunday night and underwent an operation for appendicitis. According to latest reports she is doing nicely.

Abalone baseball will get under way just as soon as the committee meets and selects the teams, according to D. L. Staniford. All those interested should sign the list at Staniford's drug store as soon as possible.

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MONTEREY, CALIF.

Community Players to Present Molnar Play

The Carmel Community Players will present Ferenc Molnar's comedy, "The Good Fairy" on April 5, 6 and 7, under the direction of Helen Ware, who will be assisted by Paula Dougherty. Rehearsals have been started but casting is as yet incomplete. Among those cast for parts are Chester Shephard and Peggy Converse, who will play the leads, and Eugene Watson.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer were at Point Lobos the latter part of this week shooting some opening scenes for "Treasure Island" in which John and Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper will appear. From here the troupe will go to Honolulu and then back to Hollywood. All extras used for the local scenes were from Carmel. An all-male cast is used.

STAGE and SCREEN

THIS WEEK

CARMEL COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSE
(Stage Productions)

MARCH 17. — Golden Bough Players present Sidney Howard's comedy, "They Knew What They Wanted," 8:30 p. m. (Reviewed on this page.)

CARMEL THEATRE
(Talking Pictures)

Two Performances Every Night
7:00 and 9:00 p. m.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday

MARCH 16.—"Deluge," starring Peggy Shannon.
MARCH 17.—"Meet the Baron," with Jack Pearl and Jimmy Durante.
MARCH 18-19—"Fashion Follies of 1934," with William Powell and Bette Davis.
MARCH 20-21—"Stage Mother," with Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan.
MARCH 22.—"Wild Boys on the Road."

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE—It is the intention of this department to give readers the benefit of intelligent reviews of pictures coming to the Carmel Theatre. Arrangements are now being made for this service and these reviews will be a feature of this page beginning with next week's issue.

* * *

"THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED"

Presented at the Carmel Community Playhouse, March 8, 9 & 10, by the Golden Bough Players under the direction of Edward Kuster.

CAST

Joe	Evert Sholund
Ah Gee	Charles Kilian
Father McKee	Frank Hefling
Tony	Edward Kuster
The R. F. D.	Ross Kiester
Amy	Althea Kendall
Angelo	Disbrow Johnson
Giorgio	Guy Koepp
The Doctor	William Williams
Giovannino	Shim Kuster
His Mother	Minnie Ferrante
Maria Maddalena	Ellen Pearl McGrury
Her Mother	Teresa Duranti

Sidney Howard's comedy of life in the California vineyard country was enjoyed last week by three much-too-small audiences. The production was a credit to playwright, producer and a well-selected staff. After a season of rather disappointing trivia at our local theatre this delightful play was refreshing—not only by reason of its sparkling humor and human interest but because of good acting and intelligent direction.

Edward Kuster, in the lead, repeated his fine performance of several years ago; so true to the part of the Italian vintner is he that the audience could almost smell garlic on his breath.

I have heard some criticism of Althea Kendall's Amy, the objection being that the reading was in a querulous, high-pitched, monotonous voice (the adjectives are those of the critics). Such critics failed to consider that during the entire play she is supposed to be under a severe nervous strain; any girl in like situation would probably be highly strung, prone to misplace inflections in her sentences. She looked the part of the little waitress and I thought her interpretation excellent.

Evert Sholund showed great improvement over his performance in "Roadside." This part is more suited to his talents—and the boy has them. A tonsured priest from County Galway could not have improved on Father McKee, as portrayed by Frank Hefling.

But enough of particulars. The entire cast was good. Edward Kuster gets a bouquet for casting and direction. In fact, the only disappointment of the evening was the poor line-up at the box office. Work such as this deserves better support.

The piece will be given again Saturday (tomorrow) night. Those who failed to see it last week should make up for the omission by going. You'll enjoy it. —J. O.

Mr. and Mrs. McKim-Hollins entertained the visiting polo players at her Pebble Beach home last Saturday night. Among those there were Mr. and Mrs. Hal Roach, Mr. and Mrs. Zanuck, Laddie Sanford and his wife the former Mary Duncan, and Mary Carlyle.

Many Carmelites are planning to attend the Calcutta pool and dinner dance in the Bali Room at Hotel Del Monte Saturday (tomorrow) night. The affair is planned in honor of participants in the steeplechase and race meet, scheduled for Sunday. After the races Sunday a dinner dance will be given at Del Monte Lodge. Preparations are being made for the entertainment of a large number of out of town visitors.

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For Women Only - -

Because Men won't be 'specially interested. Many of THEM probably don't even know there was a Fashion Show at Del Monte last Saturday night. But there was and what a one too.

A bevy of hand-picked beauties displayed the models and having been asked to write about this really great event in Peninsula fashions, I am in a complete dither as to just where to begin.

Betty Hyde; Mary Wilkins; Mary Williams; Carol Morris; Sally Warren; Kay O'Connor; Nancy Cocke; Elizabeth Henry and (and what an AND is there, my countrymen) Nan and Jean Thompson, were the lovely local gals who paraded the gowns — afternoon ensembles, suits, beach clothes, bathing togs, and evening gowns.

Evening gowns are definitely surrendered to the Latin influence. "Bolero," is the cry. Tight to the knees and then ruffles. This seemed to be the order of the night until Nan Thompson closed the show in a long, flowing black chiffon, with shoulder clips and belt buckle of coral red and jade, and down the back, like the brilliant memory a perfect gown leaves behind it, a long floating panal of coral red chiffon. Sheer artistry in someone's mind put this gown on Nan Thompson, and I wonder if one wouldn't need to start all over again as a slim and perfect blonde to wear it.

Afternoon things are bewildering. It seems we are to wear big, slightly floppy hats. Bad news for me, because I'm short, worse luck. And divine soft fur-collared coats that ooze luxury and glamour. Jean Thomson wore a coat of soft yellow wool that looked hand woven, collared with beige fox that looked like the happy fade-out of a romance, and a big carelessly perfect, or should I say perfectly careless, broad-brimmed hat that breathed youth and chic and fresh loveliness, like nothing I can describe.

The bathing things were a terrific blow. Unless you're twenty and don't know what a tummy is, refuse even to think about them!

Suits are again with us, though of course they call them tricky names to confuse you, and their presence is good news to me; for I was brought up on the theory that with a good tailored suit you can go any place; and I still feel fortified for what-may-come if I have on a suit that is right, and Gals, these Magnin ones ARE, especially one with a diagonal checked skirt in grey and black and white, black jacket and white ascot scarf, worn by a model I was unable to identify. Why are these stunning girls not announced?

To sum it up, it was glamorous, brilliant, vivid—and made one (this one) feel that everything in the old closet was pretty awful.

—THE FASHION SLEUTH.

With cleverness, thirty years, and a little beauty, a woman makes fewer conquests but more durable ones. —Dupuy.

LESTER DONAHUE RECITAL FRIDAY

The musical event of the week is Lester Donahue's recital in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Friday evening, March 16, at eight o'clock.

Lester Donahue first made his debut in the Beethoven Saal, Berlin, in 1913, winning unusual approval from the press. In 1925 he introduced the now-famous tonal pedal piano of John Hays Hammond, touring throughout Europe and America with it. It was on this piano that Mr. Donahue first played in Carmel, in the Denny-Watrous Gallery three years ago.

The "New York American" well sums up Lester Donahue's right to be a pianist: ". . . one of the most gafted musicians that ever came out of the Golden West, gave a recital in Town Hall yesterday afternoon. His is a talent to count upon, one primarily fine and developed conscientiously."

Lester Donahue's program for Friday night's concert is one of the most interesting he has ever played. It is as follows:

LISZT Variations on a Theme of Bach (Weinen, Klagen)
DEBUSSY—La Tarrasse des Audiences du Clair de Lune
Danceuse de Delphes
SCRIABINE 5th Sonata op. 53
Intermission
BRAHMS Bailade D Minor
RAVEL Jeux d'eau
CHOPIN Prelude C Sharp Minor
Ballad G Minor
ences du Clair de Lune

The current exhibit at the Denny-Watrous Gallery consists of photographs by Willard Van Dyke. The walls show some twenty-five prints of old California houses, barns, adobes and portraits. Strength, clean-cut directness characterize the showing.

CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY TO PRESENT THE "STABAT MATER"

There is so much to write about the coming production of Rossini's "Stabat Mater, to be given by the Carmel Music Society as an Extra-Series concert on Thursday and Friday evenings, March 29 and 30, in the Sunset School Auditorium and in the Pacific Grove High School Auditorium, respectively, that one does not know where to begin.

Nothing of the magnitude of this production has hitherto been attempted in Carmel. No one who has not listened to the combination of full orchestra, chorus and soloists can know just what a genuine thrill comes to the listener, what a stir to the emotions to hear so great an ensemble. The opportunity to have such a musical experience comes through the Carmel Music Society very shortly, as anyone can tell who has been attending the Sunday and Monday rehearsals.

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